did last night—but *you* could do it much better. You would vex me much if I thought you had no ambition in your art. You are the one young actress of my day who can have her success entirely in her own hands. You have all the gifts for your noble profession, and, as you know, your own devotion to it will give you all that can be learned. I'm very glad my stage direction xvas useful and pleasant to you, and any benefit you have derived from it is overpaid by your style of acting. You cannot have a * groove' ; you are too much of an artist. Go on and prosper, and if at any time you think I can help you in your art, you may always count on that help from your most sincere well-wisher

" LEONORA WIGAN."

Another service that Mrs. Wigan did me was to cure me of "fooling" on the stage. "*Did* she?" I thought I heard some one interrupt me unkindly at that point ! Well, at any rate, she gave me a good fright one night, and I never forgot it, though I will not say I never laughed again. I think it was in " The Double Marriage," the first play put on at the New Queen's. As Rose de Beaure-paire, I wore a white muslin Directoire dress and looked absurdly young. There was one " curtain " which used to convulse Wyndham. He had a line, " Whose child is this ? " and there was I, looking a mere child myself, and with a bad cold in rny head too, answering: " It's *bine* | " The very thought of it used to send us off into fits of laughter. We hung on to chairs, helpless, limp, and in-capable. Mrs. Wigan said if we did it again,

she would go in front and hiss us, and she carried out her threat. The very next time we laughed, a loud hiss rose from the stage-box. I was simply paralysed with terror.

Dear old Mrs. Wigan ! The stories that have been told about her would fill a book ! She was exceedingly plain, rather like a toad, yet, perversely, she was more vain of her looks than of her acting. In the theatre she gave